Anderson Intelligencer.

Iron as an Element of Civilization.

Probably the truest standard by which to measure the value of an article, is to consider the need that existed for it at the time of its discovery, the uses that can be made of it, and the position in which a given form of civilization, or any essential portion thereof, would find itself if it were to lack an element necessary to its progress—an element the need of which might be felt while the element itself could not be supplied. Necessity stimulates the spirit of discovery; and it is a part of the immutable and exact economy of nature that one of the most useful and profitable results of discovery is to create wants in connection with and inseparable from everything of value that has ever been developed, whether from latent principles into practical systems, or from formless masses into articles that serve practical ends. When civilization had so far advanced that mankind required houses to live in, huts and cabins were first made to satisfy this want; and when the artistic faculty which expresses itself in architectural design was combined with the domestic taste and the wealth that exacted more beautiful and more commodious dwelling-places than could be wrought from earth-mounds, stone was found to be an improvement for the purpose on any other material that had hitherto been known. With the increase of the population and the tendency of people to aggregate in large cities, stone was found to be too scarce and too unwieldy for the multiform needs of the people and the rapidity with which their interests demanded that it should be handled. The necessity for a substitute for stone for many of the objects to which it had been applied suggested the possibility of making artificial stone, and bricks were accordingly invented. Then the principle of making artificial stone was amplified and refined, and through slow degrees chinaware, porcelain and kindred substances of utility and ornament were produced. So of all others of the useful and beautiful inventions and discoveries by which the world has been benefitted. The want of them, though frequently undefined, was felt; and the means of supplying the want were discovered and applied. Then the supply, growing in excess of the demand, reacted, and, showing its adaptability to create wants by its own worthiness and to supersede inferior materials, established a sphere of its own, created and multiplied new industries, and was thus the means of promoting human welfare and of advancing civilization.

There are many of the constituent forces of the great whole of inanimate nature that, when discovered and developed, have contributed to found true material civilization; and, so vast and manifold have been the objects to which they could be applied, that not only has civilization been wholly unable to outgrow the need of them, but the farther it advanced the more absolutely it required them. Among these constituent portions of the semper utile we may name gold, silver and copper. We do not wish to slight the claims of these articles of multiform utility when we claim for iron an extent of utility that surpasses that of gold, silver and copper combined. So far as these three metals serve as the representatives of money they accomplish a useful purpose; but civilization would by no means retrograde if they were withdrawn. As regards their services to the other requirements of civilization, satisfactory substitutes have been found for them in a majority of instances. But for iron the world knows no perfect substitute. Other metals may in some instances be advantageously used in lieu of it; but for absolute material utility, in the most comprehensive sphere on the largest and most solid scale, and as applicable to the greatest number of what may be called the uses of detail, iron stands pre-eminent above any other one of the mineral products of nature.

The great superiority of iron over other metals in such portions of both the light and heavy work of the world as must be performed by metal consists in the fact of its combining the qualities of malleability and durability in a degree in which no other metal combines them. (In this connection we leave platina out of account, since the mine of it discovered in Siberia some years since has been exhausted.) Iron may be either cast or wrought, and it is susceptible of being tempered to the lowest degree of softness in which a hard metal need be used, and it can be tempered also to a degree of hardness that will bore—as in the case of the Alps tunnel—through flint. It can be cast, rolled or molded into any conceivable form, and in its product, steel can be ground to the finest edge. Concerning the uses to which iron has been put, it would require columns simply to name them. If the circumstance could arise in which the world should be called upon to say which of the great metals it must necessarily discard, iron would doubtless be the one it would retain in preference to any other, and perhaps to all others, since no other possesses such universal applicability. None other is at once so cheap, so plentiful, so varied in its usefulness, and so lasting. It has superseded wood as the material for building ships, whether of sail or steam. For architectural design it is equal to stone or wood, while it is known to be cheaper, and it is believed to be more durable as a building material when kept properly painted. There is nothing for metallic uses between a needle and steam hammer—between a locomotive and a pen-knife blade—that can not be made at less cost and of more lasting quality from iron than from any other metal.

If to stamp its name upon a great age be an honor to a metal, which, of all the metals, has a post of honor like that of iron? Among different peoples, and through successive ages, when literature and the high arts flourished contemporaneously with the poverty of the masses—in other words, when railroads and steamships were unknown—when gold was money and coins were few—each of the great epochs of nations was called their "golden age." But iron has supplanted gold in poetry as well as in fact. In this epoch of civil and religious liberty, of general prosperity, diffused education, large wages and large fortunes, we say that we live in the iron age.—*New York Paper.*

— Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it the nicest work that is done on a paper. If they find the editor with scissors in hand, they are sure to say, "Eh! *that's* the way you get up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new and witty questions with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the morality, the variety and usefulness of a paper depend, in no small degree, upon its selected matter, and few men are capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.

— A New York wholesale grocer, who had become rich in his business, has lately made the following revelation: He says his rule always was when he sold a bill of goods on credit, to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customers advertised liberally and vigorously he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and he invariably went for his debt. "For," said he, "the man who feels too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business." This withdrawal of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to observe.

— "You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second-story window."

The Bible Its own Witness.

The Bible is its own witness. It is the oldest book in the world. Of all the relics of antiquity that have come to us some ancient writings of the Bible are the most ancient.—Westminster Abbey, gray with lapse of ages, where men with immortal names lie in their silent tombs, is comparatively modern. Rome is enriched with ruined buildings which stood in their pride and glory about 1,000 years before the first stone of Westminster Abbey was laid; and yet they may be called modern. Go to the bank of the Nile; there are pyramids that were standing as they now are many centuries before the city of Rome was built on the banks of the Tiber, and they too are modern. Go to the banks of the Euphrates; there lie, in fragments of masonry, remains of the city of Babylon—perhaps vitrified fragments of the Tower of Babel itself. These are specimens of antiquity, worn and mutilated by the lapse of time. All that was once connected with them is gone. The hands that built them, the pride and beauty of their city, the crowds that thronged their streets, the tombs where they lay, are all gone! But the Bible is far more ancient than those crumbling monuments.—When the pyramids were gazed upon as new buildings, Moses penned his Pentateuch. David wrote his Psalms probably two centuries before Homer wrote his Iliad. When Rome was but rising as a village, Isaiah was denouncing the corruptions of the Jewish kings and predicting their downfall; when Alexander the Great set out for Eastern conquests, the Jewish nation had existed for 1,000 years; when he entered Jerusalem, the Jews had in their sacred archives all the books of the Old Testament which we read now; and Josephus tells us that the High Priest even showed to Alexander Daniel's prophecy concerning himself. God made the Jewish nation his librarian; and with rigorous fidelity did they preserve every book, every psalm, every prophecy, scrupulously guarding even the letters from corruption. Thus the Bible is its own witness; it is the oldest and most venerable monument of antiquity; it is minutely inter-woven with the great events of the world's history; the more it is examined, the more exactly it is found to agree with facts at the time when it professes to have been written.

No book has ever endured such assaults as the Bible. Some people write and argue as if the sceptics of our day were the first who ever questioned the authority of the Scriptures.—But the Bible has always been the object of assault. Men withstood the works of the Lord himself, and then every where contradicted the the Apostles. The early Christians lived and suffered and held fast their faith amid fierce and incessant conflicts. When the Bible lay for ages unread by the people, infidelity was silent; but when learning revived, infidelity sprang up again. Many of the leading writers of the last century in England and France were infidels. It was the age of infidelity.—They boasted that Christian faith should be swept clean from the earth. A fiery furnace was kindled and the Holy Bible submitted to the torture. Sceptics have ever sought to disprove its facts, and ridicule its characters. Men of science alleged that its statements were contradicted by their discoveries; philosophers have found fault with its moral, and argued against all belief in its miracles, as a thing simply incredible; kings have forbidden it to be read; popes have put it under their curse; generals have drawn the sword against it; grave and venerable councils decreed that it is a dangerous book, not to be possessed; houses have been ransacked to destroy it; learning perverted to misinterpret it; all the charities of life sacrificed in hot zeal for its extermination; and yet in the face of tempests and universal uproar, the Bible stands—

"Like the cerulean arch that spans the sky,
Majestic in its own simplicity."

No fragment of any army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever witnessed so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes, and swept by storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and downfall of Daniel's four empires.—Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the nitches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon, which they conquered, have been weighed in the balance and long ago found wanting. Greece faintly survives its historic fame: "'Tis living Greece no more;" and the iron Rome of the Cæsars is held in precarious occupation by a feeble hand. And yet the Book that foretells this still survives. While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions have died away, the Bible now engages men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read and sifted and debated, more devoutedly loved, and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honored and more abused than any other book the world ever saw:

"Strange words fulfilled, and mighty works achieved,
And truth in all the world both hated and believed."

It survives all changes, itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulfed in the stream of time, yet is borne triumphantly on the wave, and will be borne along, till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea, and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."—*Christian Observer.*

— The New York *Journal of Commerce* favors the recognition, by law, of suicide as a felony. It would punish the attempt, since it could not be an accomplishment of the act. That paper says: The public welfare is, in many ways, endangered by allowing people to kill themselves at pleasure—suicide often assumes an epidemic type, unless checked, as is well known, and hence there should be a punishment inflicted upon those who attempt to commit the supremely selfish act of suicide, in contempt of all obligations to God and man."

— Mr. Charles Dyke, engineer of the first steamboat that ever turned a wheel on the Hudson, died Sunday, July 23, at East New York, in the 85th year of his age. Mr. Dyke was assistant engineer on Robert Fulton's steamer, the Clermont, on her first trip to Albany.—There, elated over his success, the engineer got on a terrible spree and was discharged by Mr. Fulton, and the position given to Mr. Dyke. He also engineered the first steamboat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans.

— A new dietary article has been introduced by the London bakers in the shape of quinine biscuits. They are small, extremely well made, and have a pleasant but delicately bitter flavor. Each biscuit is estimated to contain one-fourth of a grain of quinine, and, for delicate stomachs, or where it is desirable to disguise as much as possible, or to combine food with medicine in a perfectly agreeable form, these biscuits are likely to become very popular.

— The editor of the Elmira *Advertiser* has poor luck buying medicine. He says: "I went to a drug store early one morning for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I might destroy myself. 'Pshaw,' said I, 'do I look like a man who would kill myself?' Gazing at me steadily for half a moment, he replied: 'I don't know. Seems to me, if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

— According to one of the resolutions lately adopted at a woman's rights meeting, "one of the most detestable sights ever seen is a parcel of old bachelors lounging around smoking, and talking of the horrors of married life."

— There are a great many wags at the South. This class of humorists are all honored with a handle to the professional titles down there—the people affectionately call them scalawags.

— The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit

Operations of the Signal Service Bureau.

Although the Signal Service is yet in its infancy, and must be patiently nursed and cherished by the people for some years before it can expect to do and discharge its full mission, under General Myer's indefatigable care and skillful management it has already achieved much good, and more than compensated the public for the expense of its establishment. Since it was instituted last summer "the chief signal officer has," to quote the words of the New York *World*, "thoroughly organized and equipped a system which now embraces in its scientific grasp every part of the land from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate of California, and from Key West to the Dominion of Canada."

Three times every day synchronous observations are taken and reports made from the station—one at 8 a. m., one at 4 p. m., and the third at midnight. These observations are made by instruments all of which are perfectly adjusted to a standard at Washington. They are also taken at the same moment exactly, these observations and reports being also timed by the standard of Washington time. The reports from the stations are transmitted in full by telegraph. By a combination of telegraphic circuits, the reports of observations made at different points synchronously are rapidly transmitted to the different cities at which they are to be published. They are, however, all sent of course to the central office in Washington. These reports are limited to a fixed number of words, and the time of their transmission is also a fixed number of seconds.—These reports are not telegraphed in figures, but in words fully spelled out. There are now about forty-five stations for which provision has been made, and which are in running order.

These have been chosen or located at points from which reports of observations will be most useful as indicating the general barometric pressure, or the approach and force of storms, and from which storm warnings, as the atmospheric indications are, may be forwarded with greatest dispatch to imperiled ports.

These stations are occupied by expert observers furnished with the best attainable instruments, which are every day becoming more perfect, and to which other instruments are being added.

The reports of observers are as yet limited to a simple statement of the readings of their instruments, and of any meteorological facts existing at the station when their tri-daily report is telegraphed to the central office in Washington.

Each observer at the station writes his report on manifold paper. One copy he preserves, another he gives to the telegraph operator, who telegraphs the contents to Washington. The preserved copy is a voucher for the report actually sent by the observer; and if the operator is careless and makes a mistake, he cannot lay the blame on the observer, who has a copy of his report, which must be a fac simile of the one he had handed to the operator. The preserved copy is afterwards forwarded by the observer sergeant to the office in Washington, where it is filed, and finally bound up in a volume for future reference.

When all the reports from the various stations have been received, they are tabulated and handed to the officer (Professor Abbe) whose duty it is to write out the synopsis and deduce the "probabilities," which in a few minutes are to be telegraphed to the press all over the country.

This is a work of thirty minutes. The bulletin of "probabilities," which at present is all that is undertaken, is made out thrice daily—in the forenoon, afternoon, and after the midnight reports have been received, inspected, and studied out by the accomplished gentlemen and able meteorologist who is at the head of this work.

The "probabilities" of the weather for the ensuing day, so soon as written out by the Professor, are immediatly telegraphed to all newspapers in the country which are willing to publish them for the benefit of their readers.

Copies of the telegrams of "probabilities" are also instantly sent to all boards of trade, chambers of commerce, merchants' exchanges, societies, etc., and to conspicuous places, especially sea-ports, all over the country.

While the Professor is preparing his bulletins from the reports just furnished him by telegraph, the sergeants are preparing maps which shall show by arrows and numbers exactly what was the meteorologic condition of the whole country when the last reports were sent in. These maps are printed in quantities, and all the signal stations. A dozen copies are laid on the table with sheets of carbon paper between them, and arrow stamps strike in them (by the manifold process) the direction of the wind at each station. The observations as to the temperature, barometic pressure, etc., are also in the same way put on them.

These maps are displayed at various conspicuous points in Washington—e. g., at the War Department, Capitol, Observatory, Smithsonian Institution, and office of the chief signal officer. They serve also as perfect records of the weather for the day and hour indicated on them, and are bound up in a book for future use.

Every report and paper that reaches the Signal Office is carefully preserved on file, so that at the end of each year the office possesses a complete history of the meteorology of every day in the year, or nearly 50,000 observations, besides the countless and continuous records from all of its self-registering instruments.

Private and Confidential.

FROM JOSH BILLINGS, TO A HAIR OIL AND VEGETABLE BITTERS MAN.

DEAR DOKTOR HIRSUTE.—I reseaved a tin cup ov yure "Hair purswader," also a bottle of your "salvashun bitters" by express, fur which I express my thanks. The greenbak which ye enklosed was the kind of purswader that we of the press fully understand. Yur hair greese shall hav a reglar Jimnastic puff, jist as soon as I can find a spare time. I tried a little ov it on an old counter brush in my offiss this morning, and in 15 minits the brussels grew as long as a hosses tale, and i notis this afternoon the hair begins tu cum up thru, on bak of the brush, 'tis wonderful! tis almost Eureka! I rubbed a drop or two on the hed ov mi kane, which has been bald for more than 5 years, and beggar me if i don't have to shave the kane handle ever day before I can walk out with it. I have a very favorite cat, she is one of the Hambeltonian breed ov cats, and altho she is young, and haint been trained, yet, she shows great signs of speed. I thought I would jist rub the cork of the bottle on the floor in the corner of the room whare the cat generally repozes. The consequents was, some of the purswader got onto the hair ov the cat's tale.—When she arose from her slumbers she caught site ov her tale, which had grown to an exalted size; taking one more look at her tale she started, and by the good old Moses! sich running: across the yard! over the fence! up one side of an apple tree! down the other! out in the fields! away, away! The last i saw of the cat she was pretty much awl tale. I wouldn't hav took 10 dollars for the cat with her old tale on her. In a few daze, i shall fine a spare time, and then i shall write up for our paper something pyroteknik, which will make the hair grow on the hed of a number 2 mackerel to read it.

N. B.—Bizziness, doktor, is bizziness. The hi prise of material and labor, has put up puffs with us, but upon the reseipt of 50 dollars more, yu can rely on sumthing in our weekly, that will send "salvashun and purswasion" thru the land.

P. S.—Let me advise you as a friend if it is indespensibly necessary tu cheat a little in the manufacturo ov "Salvashun Bitters," let it by all means be in the rutes, don't lower the basis.

Yours quietly,

JOSH BILLINGS.

— "What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

A Singular Speech.

Colonel J. W. Forney, in his interesting reminiscences of the great men with whom his official duties at Washington brought him in contact, brings to light a singular speech delivered in the United States Senate by the late Senator McDougall. The occasion that called out this classic tribute to Bacchus, was a resolution introduced by Senator Wilson to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Capitol. The fact that the polished orator died a wretched, rum-demented pauper, in one of the interior towns of New York, a year or two afterwards, is a sad commentary on his Bachanalian philosophy. Here is the speech:

MR. PRESIDENT—It was once said that there are as many minds as men, and there is no end to wrangling. I had occasion some years since to discourse with a reverend Doctor of Divinity from the State which has the honor to be the birth-place, I think, of the President of this body. While I was discoursing with him, a lot of vile rapscallions invited me to join them at the bar. I declined, out of respect to the reverend gentleman in whose presence I then was. As soon as the occasion had passed I remarked to the reverend doctor: "Do not understand that I decline to go and join those young men at the bar because I have any objections to that thing, for it is my habit to drink always in the front, and not behind the door." He looked at me with a certain degree of interrogation. I then asked him, "Doctor, what was the first miracle worked by our great Master?" He hesitated, and I said to him, "Was it not at Cana, in Galilee, where he converted the water into wine at a marriage feast?" He assented. I asked him then, "After the ark had floated on the tempestuous seas for forty days and nights, and as it decended upon the dry land, what was the first thing done by Father Noah?" He said he did not know that exactly. "Well," said I, "did he not plant a vine?" Yes, he remembered it then.

I asked him, "Do you remember any great poet that ever illustrated the higher fields of humanity that did not dignify the use of wine, from old Homer down?" He did not. I asked, "Do you know any great philosopher that did not use it for the exaltation of his intelligence?" "Do you think, Doctor, that a man who lived upon pork, and beef, and corn bread, could get up into the superior regions—into the ethereal?" No, he must

Take nectar on high Olympus,
And mighty mead in Valhalla.

I said to him again: "Doctor, you are a scholarly man, of course—a doctor of divinity, a graduate of Yale; do you remember Plato's Symposium?" Yes, he remembered that. I referred him to the occasion when Agatho, having won the prize of Tragedy at the Olympic games at Corinth, on coming back to Athens was feted by the nobility and aristocracy of that city, for it was a proud triumph to Athens to win the prize of Tragedy. They got together, at the house of Phœdrus, and they said, "Now we have been every night for these last six nights drunk; let us be sober to-night, and we will start a theme, which they passed around the tables as the sun goes round, or as they drank their wine, or as men tell a story. They started a theme, and the theme was love—not love in the vulgar sense, but in its high sense—love of all that is beautiful. After they had gone through, and after Socrates had pronounced his judgment about the true and beautiful, in came Alcibiades with a drunken body of Athenian boys, with garlands around their heads, to crown Agatho and crown old Socrates, and they said to those assembled: "This will not do: we have been drinking, and you have not;" and after Alcibiades made his talk in pursuance of the argument, in which he undertook to dignify Socrates as I remember it, they required (after the party had agreed to drink, it being quite late in the evening, and they had finished their business in the way of discussion) that Socrates should drink two measures for every other man's one because he was better able to stand it. And so, one after another, they were laid down on the lounges in the Athenian style, all except tan old physician named Aristodemus, and Plato makes him the hardest-headed fellow except Socrates. He and Socrates stuck at it until the gray of morning, and then Socrates took his bath and went down to the groves and talked academic knowledge.

After citing this incident I said to this divine: "Do you remember that Lord Bacon said that a man should get drunk once a month, and that Montaigne the French philosopher, endorsed the proposition?"

These exaltants that bring us up above the common measure of the brute—wine and oil—elevates us, enable us to seize great facts, inspirations which once possessed, are ours forever; and those who never go beyond mere beastly means of animal support never live in the high planes of life, and cannot achieve them.

I believe in women, wine, whiskey and war.

Vegetable Ivory.

So different are the products of the animal from those of the vegetable kingdom, that even the most careless observer may be expected at once to distinguish them. Yet multitudes are in the daily use of ivory buttons, boxes and small ornaments, who never doubt that they are made from the tusks of the elephant, while they are really the product of a plant.

The ivory plant is a native of the northern regions of South America, extending northwards just across the Isthmus of Panama, large groves of it having been recently discovered in the province of that name. It is found in extensive groves—in which it banishes all other vegetation from the soil it has taken possession of—or scattered among the large trees of the virgin forests.

It has the appearance of a stemless palm, and consists of a graceful crown of leaves twenty feet long, of a delicate pale green color, and divided like the plume of a feather into from thirty to fifty pairs of long, narrow leaflets. It is not, however, really stemless, but the weight of the foliage and the fruit is too much for the comparatively slender trunk, and consequently pulls it down to the ground, where it is seen like a large exposed root, stretching for a length of nearly twenty feet in old plants. The long leaves are employed by the Indians to cover the roofs of their cottages. Each flower of the ivory plant does not contain stamens and pistils, as in most of the British plants, but, like our willows, one tree produces only staminal flowers, while another has only pistillate ones. Such plants are said by botanists to be dioecious. Both kinds of the plants of the vegetable ivory have the same general appearance, and differ only in the form and arrangement of the flowers. In the one kind an innumerable quantity of staminal flowers is borne on a cylindrical fleshy axis, four foot long, while in the other a few pistillate flowers spring from the end of the flowerstalk. Each plant bears several heads of flowers.—Purdie, who visited the plants in their native locality in 1846, says: "The fragrance of the flowers is most powerful, and delicious beyond that of any other plant; and diffuse, that the air for many yards around was alive with myriads of annoying insects, which first attracted my notice. I had afterwards to carry the flowers in my hands for 12 miles, and though I killed a number of insects that followed me, the next day a great many still hovered about them, which had come along with us from the wood where the plants grew."

The group of pistillate flowers produces a large roundish fruit from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and weighing when ripe about twenty-five pounds. It is covered by a hard woody coat, everywhere embossed with conical angular tubercles, and is composed of six or seven portions, each containing from six to nine seeds. These seeds, when ripe, are pure white, free from veins, dots or vessels of any kind, presenting a perfect uniformity of texture surpassing the finest animal ivory; and its substance is throughout so hard, that the slightest streaks from the turning lathe are observable. Indeed, it looks much more like an animal than a vegetable product; but a close comparison will enable one to distinguish it from the ivory of the elephant, by its brightness and its fatty appearance, but chiefly by its minute cellular structures.

This curious hard material is the store of food laid up by the plant for the nourishment of the embryo, or young plant contained in the seed. It corresponds to the white in the egg of the hen, and has been consequently called the albumen of the seed. In its early condition this ivory exists as a clear insipid fluid, with which travelers allay their thirst; afterwards the liquor becomes sweet and milky, and in this state it is greedily devoured by bears, hogs and turkeys; it then gradually becomes hard. It is very curious that this hard mass again returns to its former soft state in the process of germination. The young plant for some time is dependent upon it for its food, and if the seed be taken out of the ground after the plant has appeared, it will be found to be filled with a substance half pulp and half milk, on which the plant lives until it is old enough to obtain its food on its own account.

From the small size of the seed, the largest not being more than two inches across its greatest diameter, the vegetable ivory can be employed in the manufacture of only small articles, such as beads, buttons, toys, etc. What is wanting in size is, however, often made up by the skill and ingenuity of the workman, who joins together several pieces so as to make a long object, (especially when such articles are made by the turning-lathe, when it is easy to hide the joints from view,) or makes a lid from one seed, and the box from another. In some years as many as 150 tons of seeds have been imported into England, and they have been sold in the market at the rate of a thousand nuts for seven shillings and six pence.

— A great increase in the order of Free Masons has been shown lately in this country by the multiplication of lodges and the erection of new Masonic buildings. A census of the order just taken shows that the increase is a real one. Over 40,000 new members have been initiated during the past year, the entire number now reaching nearly 500,000.

— In illustrating the fruits of advertising, an exchange says: "A family in Florida lost their little boy, and advertised for him in a daily paper. That very afternoon an alligator crawled up out of a swamp and died on the front door-step. In his stomach was found a handful of red hair, some bone buttons, a pair of boot heels, a glass alley, a pair of check pants, and a paper collar. The advertisement did it."

— A few weeks ago a baby was taken into a church to be baptised, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked Mama if she intended to carry Willie to be christened? "Why, no," replid his mother; "don't you know, my son, that people are not baptised twice?" "What," returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it don't take the first time?"